Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to ennoble those
That scarse some two dayes since were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raisde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incense his Maiesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to pleade for him.
My lord, you doe me shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw me in, such vile suspect.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.
Riu. She may my Lord,
Glo. She may, L. *Riuers*, why who knowes not so?
She may do more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? she may, yea marry may she.
Riu. What marry may she?
Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batchelor, a handsome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.
Qu. My L. of Gloucester, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country seruant maid,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at; *Enter Qu. Margret.*
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene.
Q. Mar. And lessned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,
I will auoch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remembe
Thou slewest my husband *Henry*
And *Edward* my poore sonne at *Te*
Glo. Ere you were Queene yea
I was a pack-horse in his great affa
A weeder out of his proud aduersar
A liberall rewarder of his friends
To royallize his blood I spilt mine
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better
Glo. In all which time, you and
Were factious for the house of *Lan*
And *Riuers*, so were you. Was not
In *Margrets* battaile at Saint *Albo*
Let me put in your mind, if yours
What you haue beene ere now, and
Withall, what I haue beene, and wh
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine
Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forsake
Yea and forswore himselfe (which
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party fo
And for his meede (poore Lord) h
I would to God my heart were flint
Or *Edwards* soft and pittyfull like m
I am too childish foolish for this w
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for sha
Thou Cacodæmon, there thy kingd
Ri. My Lord of *Gloucester* in those
Which here you vrge to proue vs en
We follow then our Lord, our lawf
So should we now if you should be
Glo. If I should be? I had rather
Farre be it from my heart the thou
Qu. Mar As little ioy (my Lord)
You should enioy, were you this c
As little ioy may you suppose in m
That I enioy, being the Queene the
A little ioy enioyes the Queene t
For I am she, and altogether ioyles

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)